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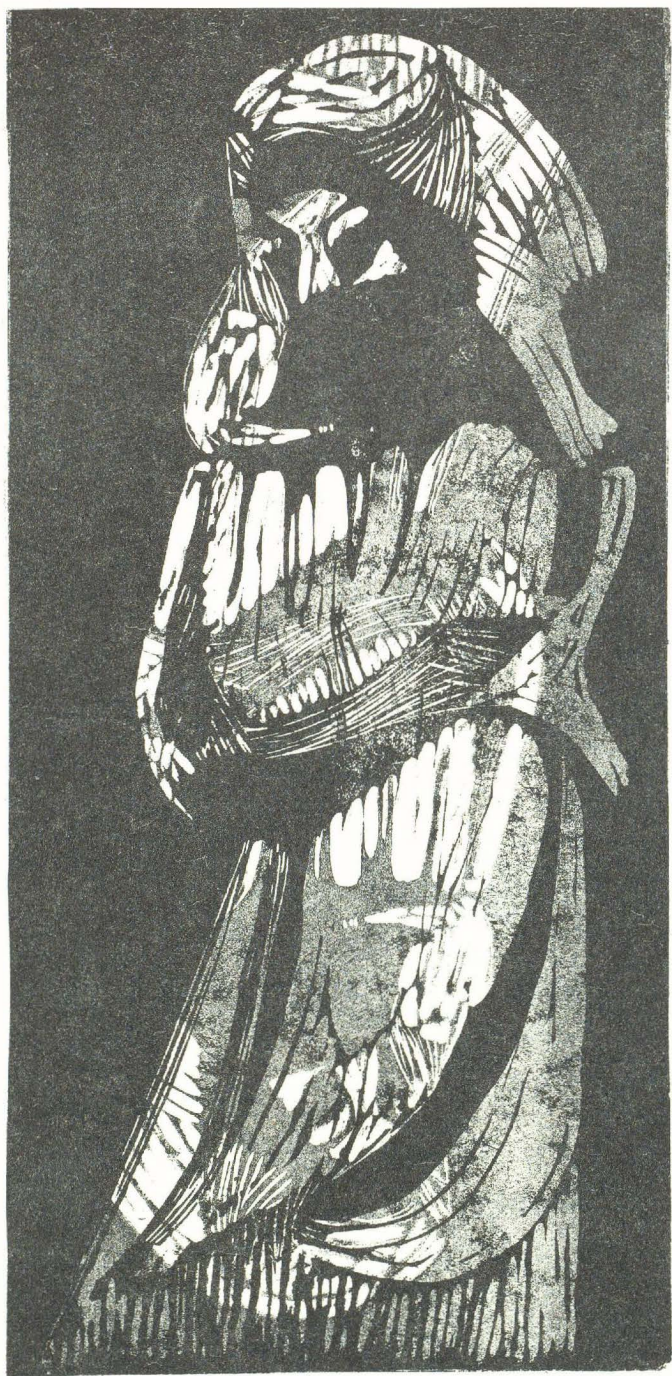
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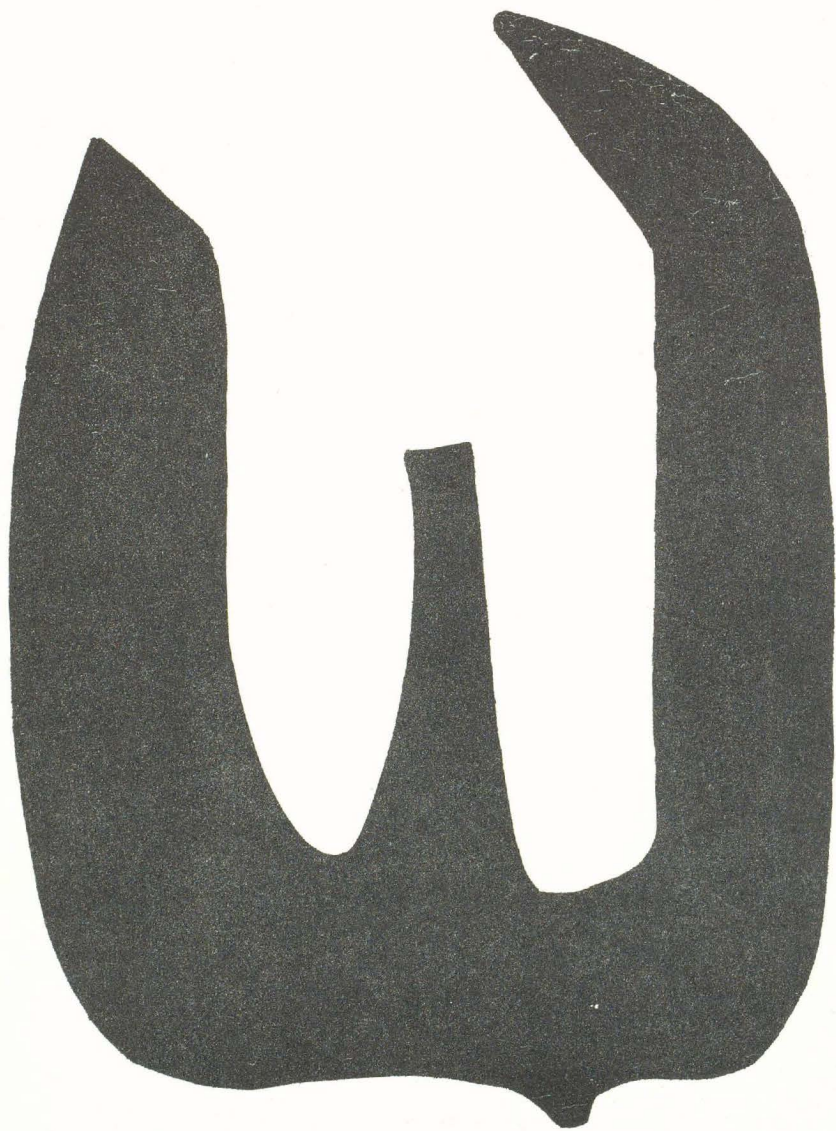
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HUMANITY
All my islands
must
Have bridges.

Ann Chatterton

OMNIBUS

The guard's broad, blue-shirted back undulates through the smoke haze. He stares out the curved picture window, sitting immobile until it is time for another prisoner to be called. Then his hairy hand jerks to the control lever, the pneumatic door hisses open—another prisoner is gone.

Soon my turn to go. Will be good to escape the smoke, heat, buzzing talk. Wonder if it's hot or cold out there. Glad I brought a sweater, just in case it's cold.

Wish it were over—the waiting I mean. It's a long trip to come here. Yesterday was forever ago.

It's an ugly room. They lined us up in rows and anchored our seats to us. So narrow a passage to pass through. The noise outside beeps and roars and swishes by. Sunlight turns gangrene through bird-speckled windows. I'm hot.

Another has been called to go. She is pushing her load to the front. Deceleration—the door—gone—resume waiting.

Who are they—my companions? I know my crime. I will watch them, think, suppose.

The air oppresses me with its weight and smell. Wish that man would swallow his cigar, grow red in the face, explo-o-de!

He perches in his seat like a stuffed crow. The smoked sunlight shines through his thinning hair. The rivulets of grease sparkle on the hairy waves like overturned dirt on a contour-plowed field of pale wheat.

A novel about “an all-too-dedicated surgeon, his love-starved wife and the man who would not let her forget . . . of her past!” I can't see those crucial words on his red-yellow paperback. I watch as he devours the book, turning each burning page of passion with a nervous jerk.

His chest heaves; saliva oozes from his garish mouth. I know his crime. When will he be called to be punished?

Deceleration—the door—his time—gone.

Perhaps his crime was his “Frank Yerby” pipe dream. Punishment—to live in the world where pipe dreams are not “honesty with yourself,” and “causes of neurotic disturbances.” Where is the lawyer-penman O'Neill to defend him from his judges?

“Excuse me.”

Should have moved my elbow when she went by. She went into the rear cupboard.

Return.

The world is dashing outside my window. But if my time to be judged is now, the world's will come soon.

She's back in her seat. The insect-eyed sunglasses on her head look like two large periscopes emerging wet and breathless from an auburn sea. Her slim body is a brown burlap sack placed on narrow white stilts with sandals. Yawning and tiger-stretching, she sucks her cigarette, watching the lethargic smoke drag through the air.

What is she pretending to read—a sophisticated peacock blue entitled *Modern Short Stories*. Wonder if she is afraid to be judged. Perhaps the book is her crime in “164 pages to be read by today or yesterday or tomorrow.” Lucky.

My crime is not printable, readable, sayable. Only the one knows why I am here.

The girl’s time—hiss-s-s—she is going. The aisle is crowded with many. Many must be guilty with her.

Me now?

Not yet.

I’m hot, thirsty, hungry, tired, fearful, empty. The room is more empty now. Many have gone through the door to. . . .

I’m hot. Smoke, coughs, germs, sweat; I feel the room in motion, my stomach crunches and groans audibly. Wish it were the time.

“See the gal with the red dress on; she can do it all night long!”

See the big black cow reclining in her seat there, attired in her red tent. That rock-and-roll song makes my dignified dowager absurdity personified.

Her flaming coverall shouts with man-eating black-jewelled flowers. A vision of blood-red sky bedecked with twinkling black stars. I note the incongruity of her proud bosom, ring-covered fingers, and her enormous floppy black hat, tilted coquettishly over one eye.

She sits like a stoic—unmoving, her bulk carrying the weight of her color. Perhaps the black of her skin, her dress, her expression is for the mourning of her race. Her crime never was, only thought to be.

Will I be judged for my false accusation, my own red-black judgment?

Very hot. The room is hot and thirsty. The guard still stares blinkless out his window.

A drip-drop. Rain? Impossible. The room inside is too dry, too wasted. Rain? too late perhaps.

The others shift positions in their chairs, clear their throats, cough, one sneezes. I look at my gray reflection on the splish-splashed window. The lightning gobbles across the sky, belching at last in chilled crescendo. I shiver. Why?

It’s so very hot. My skin aches for cool osmosis in the rain.

He’s staring at me across the aisle. Has been since I came. Stare back. He turns away, looking like a broiled lobster.

Sure am hungry.

Another called—hiss-ss—three more are going, going, gone.

He’s so mismatched, that boy. His ears (turning purple-red!) are like radar aerials scanning the room for enemy aircraft. Rat-tat-tat-tat! Shot him in the back of the head, right above that teeny-tiny brown mole.

Look at all those stripes and pins and stars and ropes. Turning around now. I can see his profile. Not too great, really. His uniform and shaved head remind me of Old-Dad—sort of overflowing, scratchy, and bee-bellied—marching on that holiday.

Staring at me again.

He wears the brown prison band already. I know his crime—man to machine. But—a nice, empty smile, a little shyness. Poor baby-one, playing grown-up games. Command. He's going now. Hiss-s-s.

Goodbye little, helpless, stupid, guilty, unthinking one.

Not many left. Me next? Still is raining. I'm thirsty but the window sponges my life away. Wish it were over. Soon, maybe?

It's night now, or has the sun just stepped out for a minute? No—it's night. The end of my wait must be near.

No one has come back through that hiss-s-s. Where? What were their fates? How were they judged? Will I. . . .

Very tired. My crime sleeps heavy beside me. It will end. Soon. When? Soon, soon, soon.

What is that he said? The guard is looking at me. Time.

I am rising now. Be careful. Don't fall now. Go slow now. The door. There is. . . .

Hiss-s-s.

A gaping hole, three steps, walk down. Over at last. Over, thank God. Gears changing spit foul fumes. Bus pulls from me.

Cindy Long



ON READING GARCIA LORCA

I am too willing to miss my scheduled train
In life—to spend my days exultant in the glow
Of your undying words where I have lain
As with a love, the body of your poems to know.
I dream in Cordoba; I dance the streets of Spain;
And in each soul adventure see your face.
My emotions, like your words, my life sustain—
All other thoughts and counsels are displaced.
Dear poet, thirty years since you are dead
Seem like a thousand; I am but eighteen.
And yet that day in August when you bled—
The blood was watering the minds unborn, unseen.
I go to you each night before I sleep;
And pregnant, fall to dreams of love soul-deep.

Christine B. Cole

AMENITA

In search of the Apple
Man found instead the Mushroom
And Life was reduced to death
And death to dust
And the last speck of Eve to atom
And God to "the Word"
And the world to a nameless
 revolving sphere
Orbiting perpetually through the
 infinity of lost identity.

March McLaughlin



Jean E. Saxon

BECKETT, SARTE, AND EXISTENTIALISM

The philosophy of existentialism has pervaded mid-twentieth century thought, and excellent literature has been written in promotion of its ideas. When we think of existentialism, we think of the Frenchman Jean-Paul Sartre, who, beginning in the late 1930's, created plays, novels, and essays, ultimately succeeded in making what began as a philosophy into a dominant theme of literature. Today, although existentialism is not accepted by many people as a valid interpretation of life, it is recognized as a philosophy worthy of study, argumentation, and exploitation in literature. It may be said that Sartre was not as influential as he might have aspired to be in providing man with the key to life's meaning, but that he was successful in the writing of his creative works, as he did influence other writers to portray in literature their versions of what Sartre considered to be the present situation of man.

The purpose of this paper, then, is not to define existentialism. Sartre's purpose in writing was to explain his philosophy, and therefore a study of the plays is also a study of the philosophy. The aim of this paper is to show the traces of Sartrean existentialism present in a purely literary form, the theatre of the absurd, or the avant-garde theatre, which gripped Europe in the 1950's, later arrived in the United States, and is still a pre-occupation of certain authors, despite its relative lack of commercial success.

Possibly the greatest author in the theatre of the absurd is Samuel Beckett. Beckett claims that he is not an existentialist. Yet, definite strains of Sartrean existentialism may be found in his plays. It is possible to show that Beckett and Sartre were writing about the same worlds. They began to write approximately within a decade of one another, and although the political, sociological, and economic status of Europe changed drastically within that decade, Beckett and Sartre perceive the nature of the world in similar manners. Since Sartre is professing a philosophy in his plays, their interpretation is not particularly arbitrary; Sartre does not want to cause confusion. Directly in the speeches of the characters do we see what Sartre is trying to tell us. This, at first, does not seem particularly extraordinary. But Beckett is an author to whom dialogue does not necessarily belie meaning at all. In fact, he uses this device partly to show man's inability to communicate. At any rate, the meanings of Beckett's plays are open to diverse interpretations, and it is through the varying interpretations that their relationship to Sartre's work can be shown.

The plays of Sartre and Beckett are, for the most part, very different in type. Sartre's plays, such as *The Flies* and *The Dirty Hands*, are plays with a story or plot. Words mean what they say; conflicts are resolved in some measure. The characters are basically normal human beings. (with the exception of Zeus

in *The Flies*), and have problems which must be solved by existential decisions. Beckett's characters, however, are social degenerates, who, although they claim to represent humanity, are crushingly pessimistic images of what man has become.

In *Waiting for Godot*, Vladimir and Estragon are sexless, unoccupied bums, who do nothing but wait for an imageless visitor. Pozzo is a cruel master, and Lucky is his slave who takes undeserved punishment without objection. Nothing of much consequence happens at all in the play, and that fact is testimony to the nothingness of their world. In *Endgame*, the characters are even less real, and nothing at all happens in the play, making the situations even more unnerving. In *Endgame*, the tragedies in life have already occurred, and the characters are awaiting only death, the legless parents of one residing in separate dustbins. They are characters, moreover, of the pre-literary stage—the circus, music halls, pantomimes, and silent movies—media which rely on physical action rather than verbal articulation for their effectiveness. Thus, we see that *Waiting for Godot*, *Endgame*, and other Beckett plays and pantomimes are dramas of situation, rather than dramas of plot. They have no beginnings, ends or conclusions. They point to the fact that life is nothing but meaningless repetition of senseless actions and valueless conversations.

The settings of Beckett's stage are bizarre, barren, and unfamiliar. In *Waiting for Godot* there is a single, leafless tree, which has acquired a few leaves by the beginning of Act Two, and a mound of earth. *Endgame's* background is two windows, a door, a picture, two ashbins, and an armchair. They show an environment unfriendly and uncomfortable to man, even to the extent that Estragon is pre-occupied with a search for food. The stage is dark and dismal, portraying despair, loneliness, and desolation. A link between Beckett and Sartre may be found in the setting of Sartre's *No Exit*. The play is set, quite simply, in hell. Sartre's conception of hell is a drawing room, decorated in Second Empire style, adorned by a massive bronze ornament, which is to be occupied by three juxtaposed persons, who eventually provide the tortures of hell to one another forever. This, too, is a drama of situation, beginning necessarily by the characters' deaths, but never ending and no conclusions being reached except the realization that their misery and despair will continue forever. Hell is a definable place, at least to a greater extent than the environment in Beckett's world is, but hell can be interpreted as being a symbol for the ultimate condition of human misery, the same condition which Beckett, particularly in *Endgame*, is trying to portray. In addition, the decor of Sartre's hell is just as meaningless as Beckett's conception of hell, because nothing substantial or of relative value to its inhabitants is included in it.

Another characteristic of the existential universe is a search for order. According to Sartre, there are no absolute meanings, purposes, or facts in the world, and a statable scheme of values cannot be found. Man pursues completeness, and his agony is that it is a futile quest. The search for order is present in the

plays of both authors. In *The Flies*, the flies are infesting Argos because something is wrong in the city. The king Agamemnon has been killed, and no retribution has been made. Revenge is a common human motive, related to the balanced justice of "an eye for an eye. . . ." When Orestes kills Clytemnestra and Aegisthos, he is restoring order to the city by providing justice. In addition, he is the rightful king, not Aegisthos, and his ascension to the throne is expected. But he and the flies, an unnatural pestilence, leave the city, and one problem is solved. However, the city is without a king, and it is likely that anarchy again reign. In *No Exit*, there are often evidences of the search for order. In the first place, the bell in the room, which is supposed to summon the valet, does not work, and causes frustrations. In addition, Garcin says repeatedly that he is setting his life in order, not yet realizing that the unresolved details of his life will remain unresolved, that at his death every action of his life became frozen, and that nothing is forgettable or chargeable. Also, the political desires of each of the main characters in *The Dirty Hands* are a search for order, as each man thinks that his plan alone will bring peace and happiness. Evidence of lack of order in Beckett's world can be found in Lucky's famous long oration. The words are gibberish, and the speech makes no sense at all. Yet, the phrase "for reasons unknown" occurs over and over again, suggesting that the world is chaotic, and that the only fact we have is that "reasons" are "unknown." From *Endgame* is further evidence of the search for order:

Hamm: . . . What are you doing?

Clov: Putting things in order. (*He straightens up. Fer-vently.*) I'm going to clear everything away! (*He starts picking up again.*)

Hamm: Order!

Clov: (*Straightening up*): I love order. It's my dream. A world where all would be silent and still and each thing in its last place, under the last dust. (*He starts picking up again.*)

Hamm: (*Exasperated*) What in God's name do you think you're doing?

Clov: (*Straightening Up*) I'm doing my best to create a little order.

Hamm: Drop it! (*Clov drops the object he has picked up.*)

Language itself is a useless medium in the existential world. In the world of Beckett, conversations are senseless and valueless. In *Endgame*, Nagg, the man in the dustbin, tries to tell his wife a ridiculous tale which she has heard many times before, in order to entertain her. Pitifully, he cannot alleviate her misery. Conversations between Hamm and Clov, and, specifically, Estragon and Vladimir, concern such subjects as food, boots, physical pain, and often excretion or perverted sex. They rarely talk about the real problems which lie beneath the surface of their existences. They have no real understanding of one another. According to Sartre, men cannot ever fully understand the consciousness of one another. Therefore, all men are alienated

and separated in impenetrable shells. In *The Dirty Hands*, the young husband and wife, Jessica and Hugo, cannot communicate because they do not understand one another. Hugo is an intellectual, and Jessica is imbued with the values of the bourgeois, and it is impossible for them to have a consciousness which can be shared. In *No Exit*, Garcin begs that the three do not talk to one another, in order to avoid becoming each other's torturers. This is a saddening comment on the nature of conversation, if its only consequence is to hurt.

Another problem of existential characters is recognition of one another, or identity. In *No Exit*, as each inhabitant of the room enters, the people already there think he is their torturer, and each person in turn is insulted that he is thought a torturer. Related is the problem of identity. In a chaotic world, no one knows who he really is. It is agony to Garcin, Estelle and Inez when they find that they are, in truth, each other's torturers, because they don't consciously want to hurt one another. They find that man's desire to help his brother is futile. Recognition and identity are also questions in *Waiting for Godot*. Vladimir and Estragon don't know what Godot looks like, and they mistake Pozzo for him. This is a case of false identification, or perhaps even a prophecy that the coming of Godot will not alleviate their misery as they expect, for Pozzo is an instrument of oppression (to Lucky). To examine the identity theme from another viewpoint, Pozzo and Lucky exchange identities in the course of the play. In the first act, Pozzo leads Lucky by a rope, and has complete control over him. In the second act, Pozzo is blind, and Lucky leads Pozzo by a rope that is shorter than the one before. It is shown here that one's perception of himself can change at a moment's notice. Nothing in life is certain. In *No Exit*, Garcin considered himself a pacifist, a man of definite principles. When it became time for him to act, he fled, and proved himself a coward. Thus, he found that his self-imposed identity was completely false.

Existential figures often wonder if they exist at all in the course of their ponderings on the nature of existence:

Estelle: When I can't see myself I begin to wonder if I really and truly exist. I pat myself just to make sure, but it doesn't help much.

In *Waiting for Godot*, Vladimir suggests to Estragon that, to help pass the time, he help him put on his boots:

Estragon: We always find something, eh, Didi, to give us the impression we exist?

Vladimir: (*impatiently*) Yes, yes, we're magicians. But let us persevere in what we have resolved before we forget. (*He picks up a boot.*) Come on, give me your foot. . . .

In addition, it disturbs Gogo and Didi immensely that the Boy says he has never seen them before. The Boy, emissary from the outside world, is a challenge to their perception of their existence.

We know that Sartrean existentialism is atheistic. Sartre's philosophy implies that man is his own god. In *The Flies*, Orestes

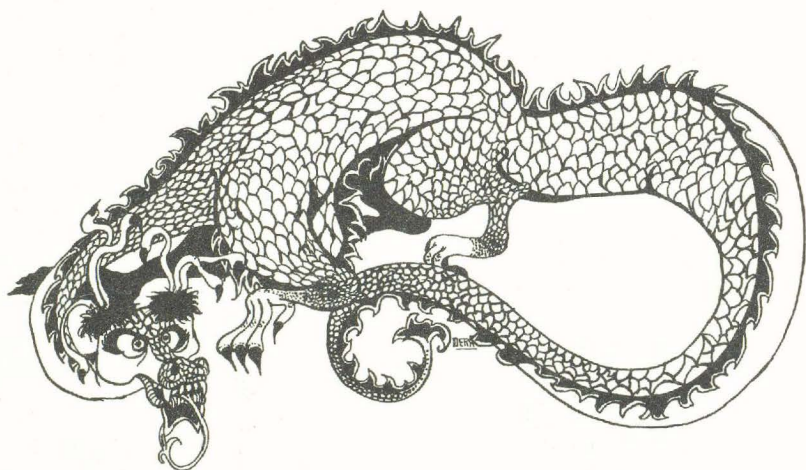
takes the position of god in his decision to kill Aegisthos and Clytemnestra. In *No Exit*, instead of the hell promised by Christianity, an entirely different kind of hell exists, defined by one's own companions. Garcin says, ". . . So this is hell. I'd never have believed it. You remember all we were told about the torture-chambers, the fire and brimstone, the 'burning marl.' Old wives' tales! There's no need for red-hot pokers. Hell is—other people." The meaning of *Waiting for Godot* rests with one's interpretation of the word "Godot." In English, the word suggests Little God, "ot" being a French diminutive. Leonard Pronko feels that a Christian interpretation can be given to *Waiting for Godot*. He believes that Gogo and Didi represent mankind waiting for a saviour, and that Godot does symbolize the meaning the man needs in addition to life's trivial happenings. But although Godot may mean Little God in English, it may refer to "godenot," which means "runt" in French. If Godot is a runt, then the wait represents the real absurdity and futility of man's search for meaning in life. We see that waiting for Godot only brings boredom and suffering. The only conclusion is that it is foolish to wait for meaning—it will never come because it is nonexistent. Bernard Dukore points out another fallacy in waiting for Godot. He feels that Gogo and Didi want to find in Godot a system of moral values, but, "They wait, but they do not search. They wait for an outside force, an outside aid, rather than search within themselves, and of course the outside force never arrives. This is thoroughly in line with the viewpoint of Sartrean existentialism. Beckett's bums are adrift in a universe without moral values. They wait for God to arrive and provide this for them. But He does not arrive, and He will not arrive. Twice during the course of the play Godot promises to come, and twice He breaks the promise. This means an unfinished number of broken promises."

Sartre's philosophy throws some light on the meaning of the wait for Godot, but two interpretations may be given to it. Sartre believes that man has complete freedom in which to make his own choices, and in doing so designs his destiny. To Sartre, the worst thing a man can do is to ignore his responsibility to make decisions. Indeed, part of the meaninglessness of Gogo's and Didi's existence is that they have no momentous decisions to make except whether to keep on waiting for Godot. Sartre's existential heroes, Orestes, Hugo, and Hoederer, define their goals and purposes in life by their actions. Garcin is an example of a man who denies his duty to secure his responsibility of freedom. The first interpretation is in agreement with Sartre's theories. The waiting for Godot is a free, existential act because the coming of Godot is a goal worth waiting for, a messianic era.

Another message of the play is that what we do with our lives here and now is much more important than thinking about death. Gogo and Didi accomplish nothing of value during their lives except to wait for Godot. They are very proud that they have done this one thing. But according to Sartre, man defines his character only by his actions during life. And of what value

in life is the singular act of waiting? In this light, Beckett's perception of man's fate is exactly opposite to that of Sartre. It cannot be doubted that Sartre and Beckett are writing of the same world, and of the same problems and frustrations. But Sartre shows his heroes solving their problems by positive action and belief in themselves and their principles, while Beckett's characters are doomed to complacency and a belief in a completely false value.

Barbara Barry



Some will scoff at meant-to-be's. Not I.
If it was not destiny's determined dragons
that brought my careening chariot of existence
to your door of smiles, then Who?

Christina Askounis



Elephants

Jean E. Saxon



Jean E. Saxon

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

When we were young I thought that love was Spring
Indulgent in her renaissance of bloom
Because we sleep beneath her sultry moon
And your firm hand caressed my rhinestone ring
That shone like mica in the twilit night
Reserved for lovers; wrapped in hope, each one
Neglected to address the dawning sun
And drowsed within a catacomb of light.

Now you have gone, and I am left alone
To fill the reservoir of ruptured dreams
I crumble near your grave, and, withered, groan—
The cripple of wild winter's knavish schemes.

For once the blossoms, full of promises
Became the snowflakes, death's accomplices.

Kristin Peterson



THE LOWING ON A THOUSAND HILLS

The calm, the quiet, the quick, smooth
soothing there on the hill,
And here;

That stillness in the vulnerable open
beneath and between all possible
destructions there on the hill,
And here;

They see with no efforting look as they gaze,
as they graze, there on the hill,
And here.

The nude and numbing silences echo
the alone and the still knowing
there on the hill,
And here.

Marie Alma Campen

POEMS BY LINDA BURTON

Cold words closed in on my falling idols
As the voices of winter-colored rivals
Convinced me that I must forget you.
Scoffing at the days and nights we knew,
They broke the vessels our memories were in
And pillaged the treasured gold of your skin.
Assured that we could never reach
Summer's asylum on a now-cold beach,
I forgot the cider in nutmeg mugs
That we toasted to poems strewn on the rug
Of our castle's impenetrable wonderfulness.
Oh! how our fortunes became worthless
When blind thieves, without reason,
Spent the dreams we'd stored for their season.

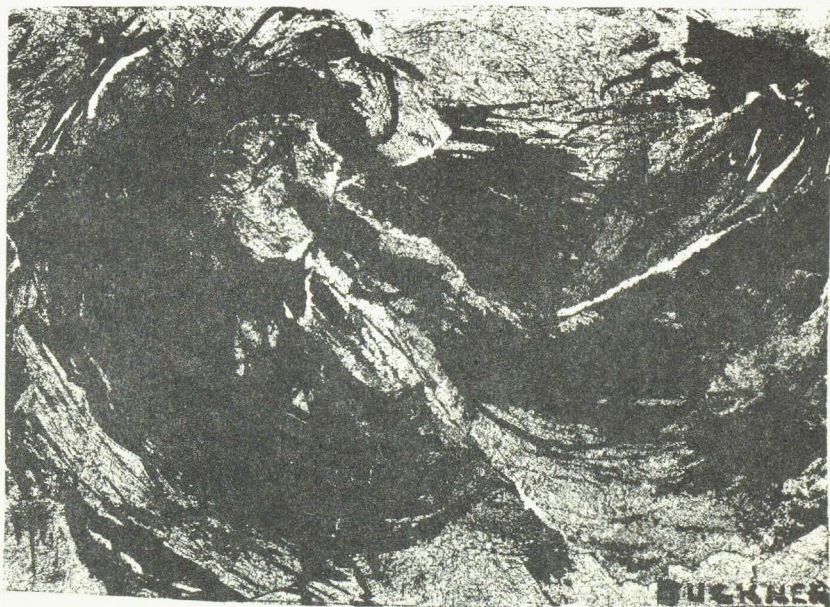


I am weary from trying to catch
The pearls you cast
And hold them here in my yellow skirt.
I ran with these treasures
Along the beach,
Pursued by seagull thieves
Who would have stolen your gifts
If I had stopped to rest.
And I thought I was safe.
But now the sand defies my urgent pace.
From atop the dune
I see the coast is leveling,
The jeweler moving inland.

Someday the measure of my loss shall sound
its cry; some quiet Sunday by the sea
I'll watch some far-off clouds move suddenly
to shore, and angry-fisted waves will pound
their benediction on the deafened ground.
Some awesome sign I'll have that bitterly
forsaken gods have not forgiven me,
nor from my covenant of dreams unbound.

I will hear them there, voices of my vow,
And run the strand to escape from the eyes
that watch my stumbling guilty pace
As I approach the sheltered house, and bow
my head, away from the reproachful skies
that knew my hopes, once blessed my upturned face.

Christina Askounis



PROFESSORS ON TEACHING AT MWC

The K. S. Giniger Company, New York publishers, recently wrote to Dean Alvey asking for descriptions of the courses Western Religious Heritage, Modern Literature, and History of Western Civilization, taught respectively by Miss Clark of the Religion Department, Mr. Wishner of the English Department, and Mr. Moulton of the History Department. The *Epaulet* interviewed these three professors to explore their philosophies of education.

QUESTION: *How did you become interested in your field?*

MISS CLARK: I took religion my sophomore year in college to fulfill a distribution requirement, and I wasn't at all interested in taking it. But I began to see they weren't the same issues I had studied in Sunday School. I had been planning to become a doctor and taking courses like physiology, but I made an about-face at the end of sophomore year.

MR. WISHNER: I don't remember. It was so long ago.

MR. MOULTON: European history is something I have always been interested in. I came from New England and of course people there are always interested in Europe. I was a young boy during the rise of Hitler and was always interested in current events. I made maps, cut out stories, made a scrapbook. It's good to be able to trace historical explanations. America was coming of age, and she hasn't been able to extricate herself from European influence. My father was a lawyer and interested in political science, and he brought up the subject frequently at home. The importance of the fourth estate—newspapers, radio, Book-of-the-Month Club—made my generation more interested in history than previous generations. Also, I traveled in Europe and that makes it easier to give lectures on this subject. Spontaneous experience is better than indoctrination with it in college.

QUESTION: *Why did you enter the teaching profession?*

MISS CLARK: I knew I didn't want to become a minister or a nun, and teaching offered me a way to use my field.

MR. WISHNER: That's a hard question. Because I was interested in literature and I had to make a living and wanted it to deal with literature.

MR. MOULTON: It was part of the same thing. I came from an articulate family. I don't think you should be teaching if you're not articulate. We discussed problems at the dinner table. Teaching is one field in which you can express yourself; and then, too, the subject is important. It's good to understand what is happening in history in perspective concerning culture and society. It is very important for us to know our culture. We must understand the past, where it worked and where it didn't. Teaching is a means of communicating something important. We need this subject more in common. We need the perspective. I'm not saying I'm great, but I can teach. I don't think you need necessarily to like people, but you think of the girls here as human beings. Dialogue is one of the great human experiences. We give if the students want to give back. It is a

mutual quest. It's a form of preaching, career of good works, maybe. College professors have always been ambivalent characters, but this is no longer true today. The importance of science brought professors new prestige, but now the humanities get money from national foundations. You get respect and have an authoritarian regard. I think students know when you're working hard. Teaching is a human situation, you're aware of what's going on. It's creative in this sense.

QUESTION: *How are your classes conducted—lecture or discussion?*

MISS CLARK: A conglomeration of both. It depends on how responsive the students are. In the 100 and 200 courses I probably do more of the talking. The 300 courses are more discussion. Much depends on the kind of students you have. If you have a bunch of talkers it's easier to have discussions.

MR. WISHNER: Freshman and sophomore are usually discussion. 300 courses are completely lecture, mainly because they're so big. Too hard to plan a discussion for 30 people. 300 courses are designed as lecture courses. 400 courses are supposed to be seminars covering certain parts of the field with smaller classes. So I am really following the rules. Discussions are pretty much planned in advance. Certain questions are designed to lead you to a certain place. Very often you don't get there, though. Questions should be used to arrive at a certain end.

MR. MOULTON: I have every type, I guess. Large lecture courses in Western Civilization; Historiography and French History are mainly lecture. Rooms do make a difference. The presence of a table usually invites a seminar course. In French History we discuss papers. In large lectures I do find they are getting good training as secretaries; the girls should have shorthand training. I hope to conduct my large classes differently second semester. I may announce the topic for the week, lecture on Monday, refine it on Wednesday, and have open discussion on Friday. I hope to split them up into groups, with each group working on a different topic. The point is that I will no longer be a television set; I might even get to walk down into the class! The most interesting girls are the A and D students. Those in between are dutiful, while the others are involved, and both the A and the D students are equally interesting.

QUESTION: *Do you think the college should institute comprehensive examinations in the major at the end of senior year?*

MISS CLARK: Yes, I do. Of course, it's up to the individual department. We had comprehensive exams in college, and I found it very useful in drawing my major and related fields together. The way the comprehensives were handled at Vassar was quite hard. During first and second semesters of the senior year special seminars were set up in preparation of the exams. A few people every year failed. I think at many schools the senior year is anticlimactic; students have their minds on other things, when it should be the height and summit of four years of work.

MR. WISHNER: I think it's worth a try. I don't know how it will turn out. It has an advantage and a disadvantage. The advantage is that perhaps it will make students think in terms of literature as a whole instead of unrelated parts and be able to see contrasts and comparisons between certain periods of literature. The disadvantage is that it would be something more to do on top of what there is to do already, and if courses are being taught as best they could, then maybe they wouldn't be necessary. I would like to see two or three years of it.

MR. MOULTON: I think of course it is a sign of advancement. It gives a significant goal to the girls, another barrier to overcome, but it would be worthwhile. If it's oral, the complexity of the subject comes clearer to you. I think it's good for the faculty, too—challenging. Forces them to keep on their toes in front of other professors. I question the value of a written comprehensive exam.

QUESTION: *How do you feel about student evaluation of courses?*

MISS CLARK: I have mixed feelings about this. On one hand it depends on the students who make the evaluations. I think most teachers would be willing to take criticism from bright, energetic students. If bad students give evaluations they can be damaging to the professors. It should be remembered that professors do know something about their subject. The situation could become bitter, with students asking professors to change their entire personalities. At Mary Washington freshmen learn through the grapevine what professors to get; this is not true at a large university. Published evaluations at small colleges could cause bad feelings. If used properly, it can be helpful, but there are dangers.

MR. WISHNER: I think it's a good idea. It keeps people on their toes. Should serve that purpose, anyway.

MR. MOULTON: I think this is desirable. The instructor is always being evaluated in a conscious or unconscious way. But it must be done fairly, with soul searching. Professors become so involved with their work that they also need the evaluation of their peers. I think in this way the married couples on the faculty like the Rossabis and the Mitchells have an advantage over the other members of the faculty. If there is to be a dialog, there should be an evaluation of the dialogue.

QUESTION: *Will you name three books you've read recently which you feel to be of particular interest?*

MISS CLARK: *Against Interpretation* by Susan Sontag. She was my first teacher at graduate school and is my image of a female religion professor. In terms of the things that I teach, I have read *Old Testament Theology* by Gerhard von Rad. I recommend to the students *The Fly and the Fly Bottle* by an Indian named Ved Mehta. It is a discussion of contemporary British philosophers and historians written in the charming and lucid style of the *New Yorker*. It's very introductory but nonetheless valid for the contemporary British outlook.

MR. WISHNER: I don't have much time to read. Just preparing for my classes takes so much time. You're lucky if you can review what you're teaching. There's just too little time.

MR. MOULTON: Of course I read some rather pedantic things. I have been reading Lloyd Lewis' *Life of Sherman*. It's interesting because here you're surrounded by dead relics of the Civil War. Interesting because of the regionalism and war—why men fight, is it really necessary? I've also been reading the *Life of Chateaubriand* for my own work. It's an excellent example of modern French historiography but not intrinsically interesting. I'm also interested in the nineteenth century French novel, such as Flaubert's *Sentimental Education* or Balzac, or rather I may read an analysis of these things. In my spare time I like to concentrate on eighteenth and nineteenth century France.

QUESTION: *Has teaching at Mary Washington been rewarding for you?*

MISS CLARK: Very much so, in the sense that when I came here three years ago, there was no Religion Department, and at first I had only twelve students in three courses. It has been gratifying to see my students grow. I would like to have more students, of course, but I am pleased that in three years this has come about. Teaching in the South, with many students coming from more conservative backgrounds, I am pleased that students have been willing to open up their minds. In that sense you feel you are teaching them something they would not have learned otherwise.

MR. WISHNER: I don't know. I guess in general the students are pretty good. There are always some that are very good and a large number that are not very good or very interested in what they're doing. Of course their interests might not be in my field. Seems to me that a lot of girls are here just to kill the time. I don't mean to give a bad impression of the students. Girls in this school are as good as in any other school. Nothing can kill your interest in school quicker than bad teachers or bad courses. Freshmen are the best students because they're still new, fresh, and they really get a kick out of it.

MR. MOULTON: This is the age in which people quest broader knowledge of their environment. It is a natural relationship of civilized society between the older and the younger. It is rewarding here because it is to some extent a regional school. It is a strangely disparate state—rural, urban, archaic, sophisticated. Human behavior, social classes interest me. It is characteristic of co-ed colleges for the women to be more alert at the beginning and then passive at the end of four years, while it is the opposite with men. You don't see this interplay at this school. Here one is free to develop one's work, to develop his own interests, can direct his own development even more than his own students. One can grow only through free choice. I like the hands-off way in which we can choose what we wish to do. I think this an advantage of a small liberal arts school. I'm free to choose my own direction.

Mary Turner

MEDEA

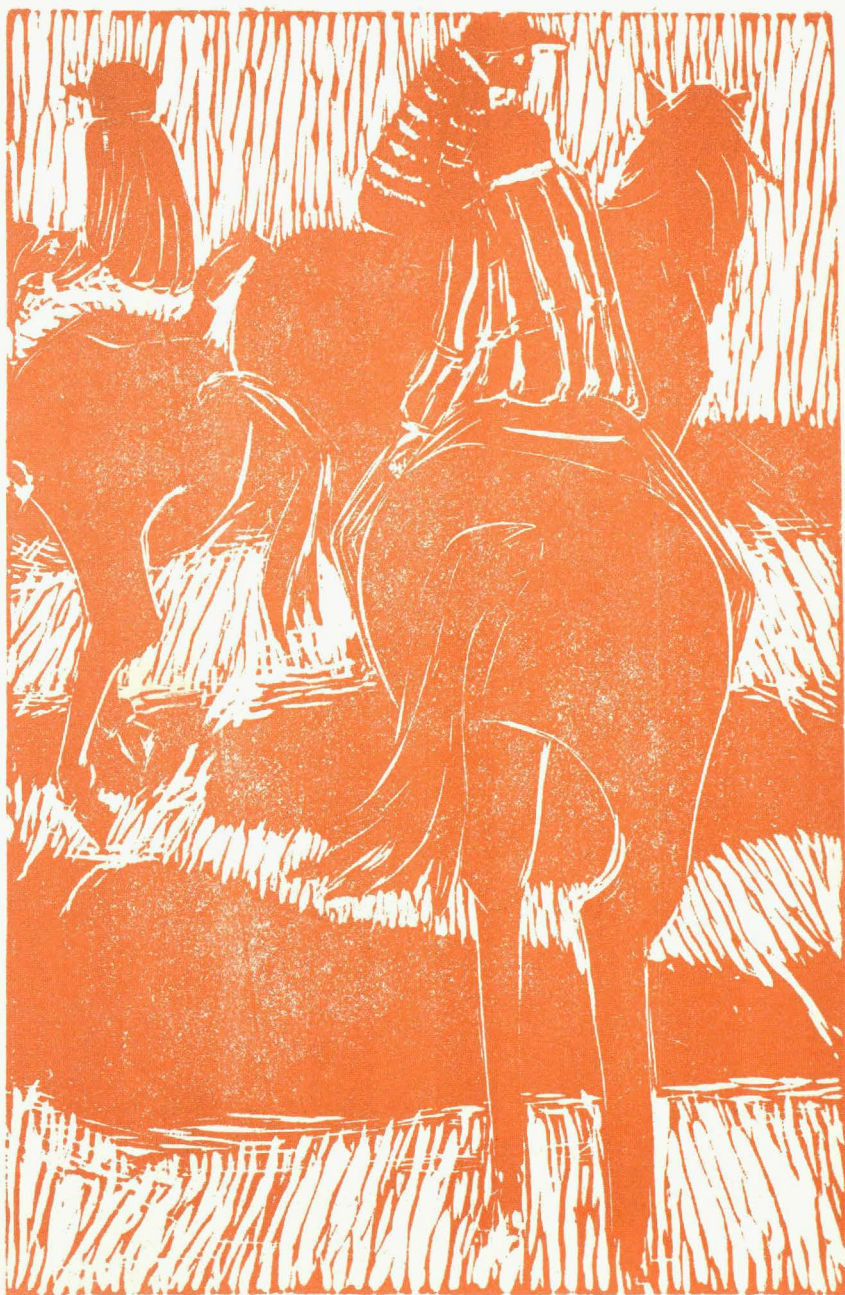
The heart is foolish
to love—
There beneath his glory crushed
Is country betrayed and brother dead.
For glory begets not glory.

White arms are seared flesh;
The golden ram's dragon-gorger
Beneath his rotted glory crushed,
Heart broken and branches hewn.

The branches hewn, hope, heaven breached.
The heart is foolish
to love.

Yvonne J. Milspaw





Jockeys

Jean E. Saxon

THE MERRIGOROUND

In my mind the world of us has become a merrigoround
That will never stop because
We, we have commanded it.
We, we have caught the brass ring
A thousand times and a thousand times more
We, we will catch it.

And the music, the music gay and light
Will echo a thousand times in my mind
And ring out with rising tones, ring out
Until I hear nothing but the insistent
Rhythm of some miraculous song that
Was formed in our souls each time we kissed.

And the horses that we, the horses that we
Rode—in their silver and blue and green with
Measured and frozen statures,
The horses will ever again, again, again, again and again
Rise and fall, rise and fall in rhythm with
The beats of a heart that was not mine and
Was mine and the song that was not ours, but was ours.

And we, we will catch the brass ring again,
And again we, we will catch the brass ring
And command the merrigoround to go again and again
To the rhythm of us.

Ann Chatterton

IT'S A BAG MAN'S WORLD—

Like an omniverous vacuum cleaner the banshee train sucked up any and all varieties of animal at set stopping places, regurgitated them, swallowed them again, like a gigantic black cow chewing a human cud. At the end of the day, or when hunger was appeased, it began spewing them forth periodically, much as if the dirt had accumulated beyond capacity in the vacuum bag, and needed emptying.

This unthinking suction often draws together as much human heterogeneity as is possible. The human cuds stand dazed for a moment—then sink into empty cuspid seats. In the midst of the banshee wailing whistle and lurching digestive process the cuds carry on their own inner cosmos life.

The bag man shuffled into the center cuspid, elbowing two young girls in the process, who then lurched into the outer jaws of the carriage and made themselves comfortable against the luggage rack.

The bag man resembled a crumpled up paper sack; his brown-spotted ear, mottled fingernails, bulbous nose and mole splotched face served as the wrinkles, and his open plaid shirt, baggy trousers and black coat acted as the frame for the wrinkles to curl around. Hat slouched over both eyes, staring at the ratty string-tied package grasped in both shaking hands, he looked as though he'd been the receptacle for many bits of garbage, and had now become just another morsel for the train to meditatively, ferociously chew.

The vacuum cleaner empties, refills itself. The two girls choose teeth opposite the old man—two race track-visiting businessmen flanked them, two Italian-looking girls sit on the right of the bag man, a Spanish dignitary on his left. The rest of the mouth is full. The cow moves on, searching for better graze.

"Say, Miss, What's that you're reading?" Leonard, the fatter, more plush racing fan inquired about the Kazantzakis book in the blonde girl's lap.

"It's a book about God—or why there sometimes doesn't seem to be one around anymore," Sally answered. "It's an object lesson in how to find Him, or it, or something like Him." An excited flush spread across her face, making it the same color as the bag man's nose. Leonard's friend Sam looked up. "Yes, that's right. There's a God somewhere. That's what I always tell my boy, Sammy. 'Sammy,' says I, 'There's a God around here somewhere, taking care of you.' Now, last time he cracked up the Cadillac—third car that boy's had so far—he got out without a scratch. So, since God was watching over him so well, I figured I ought to do my part too. So I bought him a new caddy—a convertible this time, and told him, since it was so extra special, he'd better take real good care of it. Yes sir, there's a God around here somewhere."

The bag man rolled his eyes inward at these words, as if

about to go into a fit; then straightened his back, opened his eyes properly and stared unseeingly at dark-haired Nina's face. All was quiet in the coach, as if the cuds had gone to the lower stomach—suddenly they came back. Leonard seemed loath to sit quietly—staring at the bag man made him nervous. He drew Sally into the conversation again, this time asking her about her home, school. "Do you have any boyfriends?" He chuckled. Sally blushed at the inanity of the question, smiled, asked about his job. Leonard puffed up—"Yes, I'm pretty happy in my work. It's a real important job—personnel work, you know. Have to get just the right kind of people to fit into our office. Want them all to be of the right sort—able to get along with our clients on their own level. Of course, that means I have to get to know what the clients are like real well; spend weekends at their houses, take them to our country cabin for a few days, play some golf—get to be their pals. Uh-huh, a real important job, taxing, that's why Sam and me like to get away once in a while. Relax. Throw a little money around. If we lose, why, we've had a good day, a few drinks, a real good time."

The upright Spaniard who'd been getting stiffer and straighter ever since the conversation began at last winced under the pain, jolted free as the vacuum cleaner began emptying its rubbish, and tumbled into the gaping dustheap, leaving a cavity which the bag man's presence seemed likely to maintain.

Sam and Leonard glanced significantly at one another, then at the bag man, as if they were better able to feel their own superiority because of his blatantly obvious inferiority. They knew themselves to be fatted and happy and well-padded, and secure—above offal, and garbage. They knew nothing of the relentless, incurious process of living which beat down the defenseless; unthinking, slowly and interminably chewing, imperiously defeating world. They knew.

Sam looked at a young college boy who'd just walked toward the smoking section of the cuspid coach, and nodded sagely. "Hey, young fellow," he said, obviously feeling the effects of the liquor he'd been consuming all day, "There's a piece of advice I'll give you, free of charge—if you want to get rich, and avoid ulcers—roll with the punches, smile at your boss, think ahead, and think money." Feeling as though he'd said a good thing, Sam "hhrumphed" loudly, vigorously. Leonard bobbed his neck about in agreement, the bag man only shriveled more in his seat. The boy mutely ground out his freshly-lit cigarette, stared as the smoke floated upwards to join the rest of the clogged mass along the ceiling, and returned to his seat at the opposite end of the coach, disdainful of the bag man's presence and of the loud-mouthed emptyheaded men. Shrugging obtusely, Sam tried another tack. He turned to the two Italian-looking girls across the aisle, and conversationally asked if either of them had been to the musical "Mame." They both nodded and giggled. One of them explained that they spoke very little English, and then they lapsed into silence. Dialogue across the

aisle seemed stymied. The bag man stole a sideways glance at them, imperceptibly nodded, and one or two wrinkles seemed to smooth themselves out of his face.

Nina and Sally, who'd been listening to the interchange, decided to try out their college Italian. They had just gotten through the preliminary greetings when the cow train plodded to a stop, the vacuum swirling took place again, and the Italian girls disappeared. The lumpy cuspid seats looked lonely, and Nina and Sally mourned their cosmopolitan loss. The pimply-faced youth who was collecting tickets stared admiringly for a moment at the two girls, smiled, winked broadly at the men, and passed on. Leonard decided that if Sam couldn't interest people with his theatre talk, it was up to him to carry the conversational ball on a more intellectual level. Conjuring up a sage look across his shadowy, bearded, jowly face, he asked Nina if she and Sally realized how lucky they were to be well-educated, to have several languages at their command, to have parents who slaved and sacrificed to spoil them, to be young, lucky, unknowing college girls. He droned on and on, swelling with each word. Nina listened mutely, passively, but Sally bristled a bit and retorted sharply to the effect that lucky they were, but not unknowing or constantly accepting: that they worked hard for their education too; that they'd do the same for their own children someday—that parents owed their children a lot, just because they'd begotten them; and that she was sorry always to be told to be so extra grateful. Sally went on in the same vein; Nina listened intently, musing on what the true balance of credits and debits was between parents and children. The bovine monster chugged, squealed, stopped, slowly began trotting again when Nina gave a little squeal. She and Sally had been so intent on their conversation that they'd forgotten to get off at their stop.

The train rolled onward. There was swelling of tempers and fibers, the ticket boy wrote off a pass, and at the next stop—a large, dirty, metropolitan tunnel, the two girls and Sam and Leonard got off, leaving the bag man to sit solitarily, knowingly in his seat. The station was windy, crowded, dark. The men left hastily, as if blown off by the exhaust of the vacuum cleaner, floating away with the scraps of paper and torn candy wrappers and old newspapers and red-coated and scarved women. Nina and Sally found themselves alone. An hour later their train arrived, and as they stepped inside and walked to the smoking car, it all seemed strangely too familiar. The same lumpy grey velveteen striped cuspid seats, the same human cud passing up and down the aisles, the same pimply youth collecting tickets. They had caught the same train, completing its circular run. The ticket boy again stopped to smile; this time to chat. He informed the girls that he lived in their home city, was getting off duty. Would they like to go out for a few drinks when they got there? "No, thank you." He half-leered half-grimaced; walked away.

The train slowed up, ready to empty Nina and Sally and a host of others onto the platform. The men's room door jerked open.

The little bag man, mottled face twisted in a grimace, ratty parcel clutched under his arm, shuffled to his crumpled seat, staring incuriously, unthinkingly, at Nina and Sally. The cow stopped chewing, the dust bag was emptied onto the platform. They were home!

Karen Salvatore



There was always something that you knew and I didn't.

It was the kind of fall that has summer days and winter days. The weed-flowers that we gathered for our coke-bottle arrangements had already succumbed to the harbinger winds; but my heart-words were still being kept alive by summer's last dying breath.

As we walked along the railroad tracks, peering in the town's back window, my feet beating out an even rhythm on the decaying railroad ties, I laughed out to the lawless clouds—for the clean joy of it. You said nothing—you couldn't.

I sat down to watch the tragedy of it—Summer desperately trying to remain, crying hot tears which fell to the trees—singing the leaves with the remembrance and the longing for the greener breezes past. But winter had already sent his messengers to strip even those sad tears.

There was that old winter-man with his still green memories of those summer-times spent as far away as the blooms of our brown weed-flowers. Strange that he could fail to notice the chill in his own voice—that he should speak of other springs and ignore the dead flowers in my hand.

I kept dancing around you and when ^{my} your eyes reached out for you to dance with me—you turned away—you couldn't watch.

You knew about lost summer and the trees and the weed-flowers and the sadness that I couldn't see. You knew all the time.

Christine B. Cole

MIRRORS OF EXPLOITATION

I've often seen
 Drab pendants hung
Like burned out lights
 Of "vacant" neon signs
On heaving breasts
 Pronounced by crimson satin
That pillow in their fullness
 Fragile hearts
That do not know enough
 To break for love

Their owners
 Forced to chase
The slanting beams of stardom
 Conceived in speckled dreams
Emerge from
 Manholes of non-entity
To sidewalks suspicious
 Of down stairways
In time to find
 A good seat at the show

For in her exhibition
 Venus strives
To put in spotlights
 Lust's cosmetic touch
She paints with brazen colors
 Still in vogue
The savage portraits
 Of her lovers' souls
Upon the mirrors
 Of Exploitation

But age will make her
 Bid her suit for life;
The one-eyed Jack
 The Queen of lowly Clubs
Will squirm beneath her loathsome hold
 And tremble
As they watch her deal
 The King of Hearts
And she will curse the day when
 Lust made woman slaves.



Kristin Peterson

A TIME AND SPACE

In a time and space I was created to live

with the timelessness of whit, white and
foamy surf and cold, shadowy sand
so that I could run into the uncertain
and moonless night and forget who I was
trying to find . . .
knowing all the time that it was
myself.

In a time and space I learned to live

alone in a void of emotions, with only
a room to be in and a small narrow
grey-dull world of library books
and pasty-smelling offices of doctors
who looked without compassion and
televisions that taught but could not
create.
and I saw the shadow of what was to be me
running away from the false to the
real of the shadows in the sand,
running slowly, slowly and with
measured pace, sea sucking at my feet and
mind being real again.

And on a Christmas night in October that became December
When stars were black and countable and very near,
The shadow suddenly became solid, firm, and altogether
There.

And I could grasp the solidness of myself because I found
You.

In a time and space I learned that I existed
only

only as a flower does—to take
from each man what each man would give,
demanding more but not expecting it;
to use what each gave as a promise of
what could have been.
and you were the promise.

In a time and space you gave firmament to the shadow and
In a time and space you were false to the promise,
but only in a time and space.

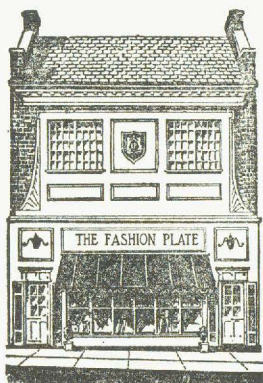
And now, in this time and space I can give

to this time and space only shadows of tears
as I stride in a winter light on shadows
of sand.

Ann Chatterton

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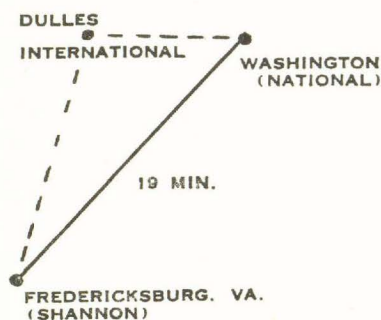
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